

Black silk, and cost, but she never minded that. She was waving Adonis to those who left behind. Just as the start was made Dr. Thomas aimed a big moving picture machine at the geography and turned it loose. It went out of sight, clicking like a dollar watch.

#### For All Night Trip.

"We'll stay up all night if it is possible," said Dr. Thomas, as the helpers began to eat off the shore line. "But if we get in danger or become uncomfortable we will come down. This is merely a pleasure trip—merely that and nothing more."

To prove the truth of this he hefted up a big basket of lunch and a bunch of cold bottles so that all might see. There was tremendous applause.

Mrs. Thomas was perfectly cool when the time for going away from here arrived. She kissed her little son and shook hands with a few friends, smiling all the while.

Passing Columbus Circle on the return trip the Nirvana came down very close to the earth. At one point, near the Fifty-ninth street gate to Central Park, the balloon was barely 30 feet aloft. Just then, when it seemed that the air-travelers were about to effect a landing, the great bag caught a breeze and shooting upward doubled in its course, going almost due east, as if headed for Long Island.

The big basket of lunch and cold bottles hung over the mouth of a spouting vent at a tank in the yards of the Central Union Gas Company, Locust avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, slowly filling out as the volume of vapor rushed up into its writhing interior. Dr. Thomas's 25,000-cubic-foot was making ready to take the doctor and his wife on their pleasant balloon trip with Toy Knabenshue, the aeronaut, as chauffeur or driver, as the case may be. It is proper to call a professional cloud-painter who goes along with amateurs.

This was the second time Dr. and Mrs. Thomas had arranged an air trip together. The first ascension was so successful that they had been looking forward to today's excursion ever since. If only their seven-year-old son, Odon, had accompanied them it would have been a regular family party. Odon went with his parents to the gas works to witness the departure, but he—his father—was required to remain behind in the custody of a second man.

An hour in advance of the time scheduled for the start Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, with Knabenshue and Master Odon, left the Thomas home at No. 112 West Seventy-second street and went booming away to the Bronx in an automobile. All of the party were in effervescent spirits at the prospect of a pleasant spin in a comparatively quiet neighborhood away from the heat and the dust of the city.

In flying out the Nirvana Knabenshue's assistant, James W. Figgard, used a contrivance lately invented by Knabenshue for removing water from the gas—"drying it," the aeronaut called it—and so making it more buoyant. The device was a system of pipes by which the gas, in passing upward into the balloon, was treated with lime dust.

Probably because of this contrivance the great bag was tediously slow in plumping out. While the party waited Knabenshue told two policemen what he would do if anybody grabbed the trailing drag rope, as some hasty jokers in Greenpoint did last night. When he had finished his explanation, Dr. Thomas suggested a policeman.

"It will come to me, that's all," said Knabenshue. "It is a booming shame and such things have got to stop, I tell you that."

Mrs. Thomas examined the rigging and gas with the practiced air of a veteran. Her white and black bag didn't look as if they were carrying a ballooning couple, but she explained that she had heavier logs for weight.

Dr. Thomas seemed excited about something. He explained that Charles Levee, the French aeronaut, had insisted on retaining a permanent balloon in the Nirvana. Dr. Thomas had not a search warrant for the case of retaining it. He hated the thought of a trip without the proper license of law.

**BERNHARDT ON THE LEGION OF HONOR ROLL**

PARIS, July 18.—Sarah Bernhardt has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor after years of agitation on the question whether that distinction could be conferred on her.

The Legion of Honor was instituted by Napoleon in 1802, all orders having been abolished by the revolution. It has survived, passing through a Bourbon monarchy, the Second Empire and several republics, and in modified form today remains the high order of merit in France.

After the numerous chances of meeting from military empires and monarchies to republish the make-up prescribed is still the same, three-fifths military persons and the remainder civilians.

Few women have received the order. Among the few who have been honored is Rosa Bonheur, the painter. The persons eligible when the order was instituted were all soldiers on whom sashes of honor had already been conferred, and all citizens were deemed to be eligible for admission, whatever their birth, rank, religion or social position might be.

The class is divided as follows: Grand-croixes, grand-officers, commanders, officers and chevaliers. The maximum number of chevaliers was fixed at 2,000, the remaining 10,000 being reserved for the other ranks. The number of grand-croixes was fixed at 100, and the number of grand-officers at 200. The number of officers was fixed at 1,000, and the number of chevaliers at 2,000.

At their reception they were required to wear upon their hats to signify the rank of the order. The rank of grand-croix was indicated by a red sash, the rank of grand-officer by a red sash, the rank of officer by a red sash, and the rank of chevalier by a red sash.

## WALTER S. LOGAN FALLS DEAD IN ECSTASY BLDG.

Famous Lawyer Suddenly Stricken by Heart Disease.

ON WAY TO A MEETING.

Invited to Ride He Declined, and Had Walked the Five Blocks from His Office.

Walter Seth Logan, one of the most widely known lawyers practicing at the New York bar, fell dead to-day in the large corridor of the Equitable Life Insurance Company's building, at No. 120 Broadway. He had suffered three months of heart disease in the past, but he had improved in health and it was believed all danger was over.

He had an appointment to-day with several clients in his office at No. 21 William street, and after meeting them it was agreed that they should proceed to the Equitable building, where an adjustment of the case in question was expected.

His clients had a carriage waiting and invited Mr. Logan to accompany them in a drive over to the Equitable Building, a distance of not more than five blocks.

"No," he said, "this is too fine a day to be cooped up in a cab. I'll walk over and meet you in the corridor and I'll wait for you here."

After walking a short distance it was evident the old trouble had seized him for he had to stop at Wall street and Broadway, in the shadow of Trinity Church, to rest. When he reached the Equitable Building he was out of breath and had to sit down in the corridor before approaching the elevators.

As he sat down he removed his straw hat and began fanning himself. A few seconds later he dropped to the floor. He was found by a man who had been lifted by a dead man. The body of the building was the body into the Savarin Club and covered it with a white table cloth. From there the body was removed to an undertaker's rooms.

**Son Notified of Death.**

One of the first persons notified of the death of Mr. Logan's eldest son, Hollister Logan, who has been associated with his father in the practice of law, Hollister, who is twenty-six years old, has been living at his town house and with his father, while Mrs. Logan and two other children have been at the country home at Cape Cod. Besides Hollister the children are Mrs. Howard G. Bayles and Walter Seth Logan, Jr., the latter being about seventeen years old. They were notified by telegram of the death of Mr. Logan and are expected to arrive to-morrow morning.

Most of the lawyers in town practicing criminal law were in court when Gibson was brought in. This was the first time in eight years in which this particular point of law was raised. The last time was when Justice Bischoff ordered the release of a prisoner who was held on a similar commitment, when the jury had failed to make a specific charge.

In that case also, there had been no District-Attorney to instruct the jury of business men in the entangling phraseology of the law. The consequence was that they simply said they wished the defendant held for the Grand Jury. Without making a direct charge, that man was released.

**No Warrant for Imprisonment.**

Counselor Stapleton, addressing Justice Blanchard to-day, said that the man in being held illegally. No magistrate, coroner or court of competent jurisdiction has issued a warrant charging him with any specific crime. The law provides that the coroner may make a warrant on the finding of the jury, but a certain specified person is specifically accused of a crime. No such thing was done in this case. Gibson was simply sent to the Tombs, to be held on the coroner's word of mouth, without affidavit.

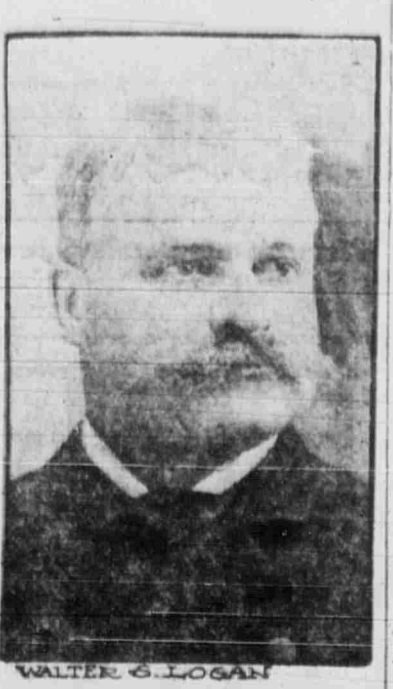
Then young Mr. Train spoke up. He had shaken hands with Mr. Stapleton before Justice Blanchard came in and they had talked in whispers. Addressing the Court, this was Mr. Train's plea for the release of Gibson:

"The District-Attorney does not wish to go on record as opposing the contention of the learned counsel for Mr. Gibson. I am simply here to represent the prosecution, if there be any. The District-Attorney wishes to admit that a grievous error was made by the coroner of the Bronx in drawing up the commitment. The law my learned friend has just stated, says that a person to be held for a crime must be specifically charged with it. Train quoted the District-Attorney's decision already referred to. He added:

"The District-Attorney, Your Honor, has no objection to granting Gibson's release."

"Well, if there is no opposition," said Justice Blanchard, "the only thing I can do is to release the man going for the writ. He is discharged."

## LAWYER WHO DIED SUDDENLY TO-DAY OF HEART DISEASE



## GIBSON FREED FROM TOMBS BY COURT ORDER

Claim that No Crime Is Charged Is Ground for Release.

With the approval of the District Attorney, Lawyer Huron W. Gibson was to-day released from custody. Gibson, charged in Part II of the Supreme Court, ordered the release on the contention of Gibson's counsel, Luke D. Stapleton, that Coroner McDonald, D. Stapleton, the Coroner McDonald, had issued a warrant for the arrest of Gibson to the Tombs without specifying for what crime he was held.

In making the commitment Coroner McDonald followed the recommendations of his jury of reputable business men, who investigated the murder of Mrs. Alice D. Kinnam in the steam-furnace room of the Equitable Building, and who instructed the Coroner to hold Gibson for the further action of the Grand Jury.

When Justice Blanchard had ordered the release, which was the only thing he could do, as there was not only no opposition, but a last and recorded approval by the public prosecutor, the opinion was general in the court room that Gibson should have thanked the District-Attorney.

**Thanked District-Attorney.**

But Gibson forestalled public opinion by reaching over the table and publicly shaking hands with Deputy Assistant Attorney Train and thanking him before two lawyers for his splendid efforts in his behalf.

"I am only what I was instructed to do," blithely said Mr. Train who is one of Mr. Gibson's friends.

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## OLCOTT QUILTS AS THAW'S LAWYER; GIVES UP PAPERS

But Will Continue to Act for the Mother in Safeguarding Son.

PRISONER HAS HIS WAY.

Left Free to Follow His Own Course and Choose His Own Counsel.

On the surface Harry Thaw has been abandoned by his mother to his own devices. In reality, through the offices of Black, Olcott, Gruber & Honymore, she has established for her son's defense what might be called a legal protectorate.

This firm will safeguard young Thaw's interests so far as lies in their power under existing circumstances. Without coming into direct contact with him, they will continue their work of establishing the defense of insanity for Stanford White's slayer.

**Delivers the Papers.**

This afternoon ex-Judge William R. Olcott turned over to Thaw's chosen attorney Clifford W. Harridge, the papers demanded by Mr. Harridge in a Supreme Court order obtained by him yesterday afternoon. Ostensibly, at least, ex-Judge Olcott is out of the case.

Mrs. William Thaw has gone to the home of her son-in-law, George H. Carnegie, at Roslyn. She has given up for the present at least all efforts to convert her imprisoned son to her way of thinking. She started for Long Island at noon to-day.

"We do not know when Mrs. William Thaw will be back," was George H. Carnegie's significant reply to a reporter for The Evening World asked him when he expected his mother-in-law to return to Manhattan.

**No More Appeals.**

This, it is learned in the position into which Mrs. William Thaw and her kind people have been forced by the stubbornness of Harry Thaw and his repudiation of their plans for saving him from the chair.

Mrs. Thaw is not to make any further appeal to him to throw overboard the Harridge-Peabody-Gleason wing of his defense. She will leave him for a time to his own wishes and impulses, believing, as do many others, that his conduct will serve to strengthen the belief of his insanity in the public mind.

She will ignore the Harridge following which only dealing on with ex-Judge Olcott's firm. She will not give up a cent to pay Harridge or Gleason or Peabody, and she will make no further allowances of money to Harry Thaw or to his wife, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

For their ready cash they must shift for themselves until they come around to her way of thinking. In this way, and in no other, Mrs. William Thaw is now convinced that she can save her son from the consequences of his own folly.

Former Judge Olcott reached his office this afternoon. "The papers for which Mr. Harridge asks are there," he said to an Evening World reporter, pointing to a large, well-filled leather box. "He can send for them at his pleasure, or I will send them to him if he will signify when it is his pleasure to receive them."

"What do you think of Mr. Harridge's motion?" asked the reporter. "My only explanation for the new motion is that it is a desire for perpetual motion," replied Judge Olcott, "simply, I should say, a desire for big headlines."

**Arranged to Give Up Papers.**

As a matter of fact, I arranged several days ago, when Mr. Thaw first selected Mr. Harridge as his counsel, to turn over the papers in the case to Mr. Harridge. But certain of the documents were personal communications to my firm and others I regarded as the property of Longfellow & Deland. I wanted to ask Mr. Deland's advice before surrendering certain papers which I thought belonged to him and the Thaw family rather than to the case of Harry Thaw.

"What about the reports of the detectives engaged by you to secure evidence?" "All the reports to date are in that leather box yonder. As to reports made hereafter by detectives I am in doubt. Some of them I might give up. I might include in the lot in the box too?" "Every statement she has ever made is there," answered Judge Olcott with an emphatic snap of his heavy law.

As a matter of fact, it is now said that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who has separate statements to Mr. Olcott, has made a denial of much that she had said previously. Subsequent to dictating the third one she was confronted, it is alleged, with proofs of the fact that, insofar as her accounts of her relations with Stanford White since her marriage were concerned, she had defected from her husband and was now trying to deceive her husband's lawyers. Then it was that she turned against Olcott and Black, telling Harry Thaw that they meant to put him in a mad-house for life and urging him to hire new counsel altogether. This afternoon young Mr. Thaw is making a fourth statement, only this one goes to Harridge directly.

**Acts Like a Crazy Man.**

In his efforts to prove that he isn't crazy Harry Thaw is convincing many people that he is. The young man's attitude of stiff-necked defiance to the pleadings of his mother, his continued rejection of the suggestion that he make his plea one of insanity, his refusal to accept the suggestion that he make a defense, his fits of senseless rage, all contribute to the growing belief that Harry Thaw is indeed mentally unbalanced, just as his family and the attorneys of their choosing hope to prove when they have a chance.

## SHE WANTS TO RACE ANY WOMAN IN AUTOMOBILE



Miss Anna Johnstone, the pretty twenty-two-year-old daughter of Theodore Johnstone, an enthusiastic automobile enthusiast, who lives at No. 100 West 10th street, New York, N. J., wants to race any woman who can drive an automobile as fast as she can.

His daughter Mr. Johnstone has offered to provide the purse and the cup and specifies that the race is to be from Lake Hopatcong to Long Branch, and that all who enter must manage their cars unaided during the race.

"Any sort of machine—steam, electric or gasoline—may be used," Mr. Johnstone said yesterday. "We are ready for a race at any time. My daughter has never been in a race of any kind, but she has made a run of thirty-six miles around New Jersey in such good time that I have the greatest confidence in her ability to win."

There are a number of women at Lake Hopatcong who own and drive their automobiles and it is likely that the challenge will be accepted.

**SENDS CHAUFFEUR TO THE PENITENTIARY.**

(Special to The Evening World.)

YONKERS, July 18.—City Judge Joseph H. Bell to-day sent Frank Busch, chauffeur for George H. Brewster, who has a garage at No. 118 East Fifty-fourth street, New York, to the Kings County Penitentiary for two months.

The Judge a month ago issued a warning to all autoists that any of them brought before him for exceeding the speed limit would be imprisoned instead of fined.

On the night of Sunday, July 1, Busch was speeding down Central avenue, below Yonkers avenue, when his machine ran down a carriage driven by Mrs. A. Hamilton, of Rockledge, on the Tudorhoad road. In the carriage were Mrs. Sarah Odell, her mother, and Mrs. H. Post, her sister, and former supervisor Thomas Brown.

Mrs. Hamilton's arm was broken and the others were severely injured.

**RAN OVER A SOLDIER.**

UTICA, N. Y., July 18.—While the men of the Twenty-third Regiment, United States Infantry, were marching from Utica to Leansboro, yesterday, A. H. Williams, a member of the regiment, drove his automobile at a high rate of speed, striking two soldiers, one of whom was killed and the other injured.

The man of the regiment, drew his revolver and ordered Williams to stop. He showed his license and was allowed to drive on. He was arrested and taken to the station. He was held for three months and discharged the son with a reprimand.

**Huge Detective Pay-Roll.**

Thousands of dollars are being spent every week for the services of detectives in New York, London, Pittsburgh, Paris and other cities. These detectives are employed in securing proof of the crime, securing evidence, and in the investigation of the case.

As usual Clifford W. Harridge was Thaw's first visitor to-day. As he was leaving after an hour's consultation with Thaw the reporters closed in and began asking him questions. Mr. Harridge had at last learned his lesson. He refused to talk to the newspaper men any more," he said, and straightway he departed.

An hour later came Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, riding alone in a hired cab. As she entered the prison past the mortified rabble that always greets her at the door, somebody asked her if she expected her mother-in-law to visit Thaw. She passed into the matron's room without answering. After twenty minutes on "Murderers' Row" she went to Mr. Harridge's office where she began dictating an entirely new statement relating to her share in the case.

## \$50,000 GEMS LOST WHILE GIVING DINNER

Mrs. Halsey Corwin Reports to Police That She Has Been Robbed.

Mrs. Halsey Corwin, whose sensational marriage to the young son of a former Controller of Brooklyn after he had been charged with abducting her provoked comment for the second time within two years has been robbed of diamonds and jewelry valued at \$50,000.

The police two years ago restored to Mrs. Corwin her missing jewelry, and sent two men to prison for stealing it. They are now engaged in searching for many of the self-same bits together with many others given to Mrs. Corwin since.

**She Hasn't a Clue.**

Mrs. Corwin, according to the police, frankly admits that she does not know how or where her diamonds were stolen from her. She intended sailing for Europe on July 23 and determined to give her friends a farewell dinner which they would hold in her honor. While awaiting the sailing day, Mrs. Corwin has been staying with a woman friend who, the police say indefinitely, lives "up town."

In asking the Police Department for the new missing jewels Mrs. Corwin said positively that she had the diamonds on the night of the dinner, as she wore many of them.

The dinner was continued until two o'clock and Mrs. Corwin's health was drunk and she returned to the apartment of the friend with whom she was making her temporary home. When she awoke the next morning her diamonds were gone.

Mrs. Corwin before her marriage was Miss Roberta Menjes, daughter of Maurice C. Menjes, the well-known horse owner and real estate operator of Voorhies avenue, Sheepshead Bay.

Her husband, Halsey Corwin, after inheriting his father's wealth, was variously known as the "best sunder" in Brooklyn and the "Axe" of Coney Island.

It was at a dinner given at St. Paul's Hotel by Halsey Corwin in December, 1904, that he met his bride. She was then called Roberta Menjes. After the dinner at Coney Island the couple were arrested on a charge of abduction and were held for a number of days in the police station.

**Dinner After Wedding.**

While the abduction case was still pending, Corwin married her on Feb. 22, 1905, at Sheepshead Bay and then drove her to her home at Coney Island, where she was to give a dinner for the wedding party. The dinner was given at the Hotel Hamilton, and was a very elaborate affair. The dinner was the most elaborate ever served in the hotel. It was said at the time that the guests drank 150 bottles of champagne, less what was given to Corwin's building.

Corwin was arrested before Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market Police Court and held in \$10,000 bail for a examination to-morrow.

**Victim, Unable to Stand in Court, Charges Father and Son with Assault.**

Her face bruised and her body shaking with fear, Mary Parker, sixty-three years old, was unable to stand in Harlem Court to-day while she told of the beating given her yesterday by Ossie Buccio and his son, Joseph.

Mrs. Parker lived in the tenement-house at No. 213 East One Hundred and Eighth street, of which the Buccios were formerly agents. She said that, although another person is in charge, they tried to collect rent from her. When she refused to pay, the father kicked her while the son held her by the shoulder.

The woman's screams attracted Police-man Brill, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, who used his baton to break the door open. He found the mother and son in the act of beating the woman. He took them to the station and held them for three months and discharged the son with a reprimand.

**Alaska Indians' Tiptoe.**

(From the Washington Post.)

"The Alaska Indians," said R. B. Buncie, of Seattle, "are slaves to their appetite for ardent spirits. I have never seen one who would not let his clothes be covered with a drink of whiskey. It is a fact of common knowledge up there that they will drink almost anything that has the faintest trace of alcohol. I have seen them drink red ink as though it were the most delicious beverage and they will gulp down pennyroyal, extract and any other vile concoction. Even such a deadly dose as wood alcohol does not frighten them in the least and they really prefer it to any other intoxicant."

## RICH IMPORTER'S WIFE DIES AFTER HER LONG LEAP

Mrs. J. Samuel Pisa Plunged from Window of a Boston Hotel

After suffering agonies for hours at the City Hospital in Boston, Mrs. J. Samuel Pisa, wife of a rich New York importer, who leaped five floors from a window in the Hotel Touraine last night, died to-day. Her husband, although still hysterical from shock and grief, has been able to make a statement, saying his wife was undoubtedly suffering from a sudden fit of emotional insanity when she took the fatal plunge.

That any person so frightfully injured could have survived for hours is a marvel to the surgeons at the hospital in Boston. In her fall Mrs. Pisa struck the glass-covered porte-cochere at the main entrance of the Touraine, and smashing the inch thick glass, plunged half way through them.

**Cut by the Glass.**

She was terribly cut by the sharp edges. Her left leg was almost entirely severed and the right arm hung by a shred of tendons.

Great fountains of blood spurted from the wounds on the pavement at the door of the hotel below. Owing to the difficulty of setting bandages to the top of the porte-cochere the dying woman lay for some time wedged fast in the broken glass.

Finally a cab was driven under the canopy. Mrs. Pisa was lifted down upon the roof of the cab and then lowered in turn to an ambulance. Just as the ambulance was driving away Mrs. Pisa tried to climb in with her. He broke from the police, caught up with the ambulance, which was going rapidly away, and tried to climb in to the ambulance with the victim. There he became wildly excited.

The police took him to the police station and detained him. He became composed enough in time to detail the details of the suicide. He said his wife had been under treatment for some time for nervous troubles.

**Had Been in Sanitarium.**

She had just finished a second trip to the Marine Sanitarium, and was returning to her home at No. 10 West eighth street. The couple reached Boston yesterday afternoon. They had retired to their room on the sixth floor, when Mrs. Pisa suddenly leaped from the bed, ran to a window and flung herself out.

For several years before moving to Manhattan the Pisas lived in the Madison Avenue Hotel. They had a small daughter, a year and a half old, and a son, a year and a half old. The couple seemed devoted to each other. They lived in a small flat, making few friends among the tenants in the apartment house. They were left with relatives when Mrs. Pisa was in the sanitarium. Mrs. Pisa's importing house is at No. 10 Broadway.

**CALLS HIS OWN AMBULANCE**

"Sandhog" Attacked by "Bends"

Frank Trainor, a "sand-hog" was taken to the Lincoln Hospital to-day in a critical condition from "bends." Trainor, 30, of East One Hundred and Fourth street, was taken to the hospital while attempting to swim in his own back yard. He is twenty-four years old and worked in the East River terminal from the battery to Brooklyn.

**WEEKDAY CAR ROWDIES.**

Another batch of car rowdies were brought before Magistrate Steiner in Harlem Court to-day. They were given the usual lecture and fined \$10 each, which was immediately paid. They said they were Richard Egan, twenty years old, of No. 20 East One Hundred and Fourth street; Joseph McGinnis, sixteen years old, of No. 20 East One Hundred and Fourth street; and Henry Arns, nineteen years old, of No. 20 East One Hundred and Fourth street.

The boys boarded a Second avenue train and on the way to Harlem picked up passengers and made a disturbance.

**JUDICIAL NOMINEE ILL.**

Michael H. Carosso, the insurance lawyer selected by the Bar Association Committee to head their list of judicial nominees, is critically ill at his home, No. 45 East Sixty-sixth street. Last night there was a consultation of three physicians at his bedside. Mr. Carosso was in bed last week, when diphtheria was threatened. The physicians averted that danger and tonics appeared. Mr. Carosso is fifty-five years old and his general health has been good, so that all hope has not been abandoned. His wife, Michael H. Carosso, is a deputy assistant district attorney.

## FOLLOWING NEW CLUE IN ADIRONDACKS MYSTERY

UTICA, N. Y., July 18.—An effort will be made to show Chester Gillette attempted to take the life of Gracia Brown before the girl left Utica to visit her home at South Otsego. Chief of Police Varney is working on the clue, and refuses to discuss it.

A letter was received by Gillette before the trip into the Adirondacks asking him to take a class in the Freshwater Sunday School.

It is reported that Gillette was engaged to marry a prominent society woman of Syracuse. The young woman, who is the daughter of a wealthy family, is said to be a friend of Gillette's.

**SIX DESERTERS JUMP FROM BATTLESHIP.**

NORWICH, Conn., July 18.—Malcolm Blake, a sailor in the United States Navy, was picked up by the steamer Chesapeake, of the New York-Norfolk line, off Godhavn reef, just outside of New London harbor, shortly after 2 o'clock this morning.

Blake said that with six companions, all of the crew of